

THE TIME OF THE END IS NOW: *Texts from The Process*

The Process Church of the Final Judgment was formed in 1964 by Robert de Grimston after becoming a "clear" and breaking away from the Church of Scientology. Its Manichean outlook went further than medieval dualistic philosophies. Processians taught that through love, Christ and Satan have destroyed their enmity and have come together for the end—Christ to judge and Satan to execute judgment. They felt that members of the Process would lead the New Age after a Revelation-style apocalyptic period when Christ and Satan would finally be reconciled. Since 1974, a faction broke with de Grimston, calling themselves the Foundation Faith of the Millennium. The leaders of this faction, Christopher de Peyer and Peter McCormick claim an estimated 20,000 hardcore members. Says *Larson's Book of Cults*, "Foundation advocates certainly seem more palatable since they no longer publicly promote the Christ/Satan reconciliation theory. But they have not abandoned their basic belief in a coming Messiah. Bible students are left to wonder whether such a person might well be the Antichrist..." The Process is now seen to be a formative influence in the philosophy of Charles Manson as well as the contemporary occult groups in London, such as Temple ov Psychick Youth. The following selections are culled from early Process literature and have been collected together by Boyd Rice.



"If a man asks: What is The Process? Say to him: It is The End, the final ending of the world of men. It is the agent of The End, the instrument of The End, and the inexorable Power of The End."

(From Process Scripture)



"My prophecy upon this wasted earth and upon the corrupt creation that squats on its ruined surface is: THOU SHALT KILL!"

(From *Jehovah on War*)



"The lamb and the goat must come together. Pure love descended from the pinnacle of heaven, united with pure hatred raised from the depths of hell."

(From the *Fear* Issue of The Process Magazine, Summer, 1969)



"Release the Fiend that lies dormant within you, for he is strong and

ruthless, and his power is far beyond the bounds of human frailty.

"Come forth in your savage might, rampant with the lust of battle, tense and quivering with the urge to strike, to smash, to split asunder all that seek to detain you. And cast your eye upon the land before you. Choose what road of slaughter and violation you will follow. Then stride out upon the land and amongst the people.

"Rape with the crushing force of your virility; kill with the devastating precision of your sword arm; maim with the ingenuity of your pitiless cruelty; destroy with the overpowering fury of your bestial strength; lay waste with the all-encompassing majesty of your power...

"For the world can be yours, and the blood of men can be yours to spill as you please. And you can have the pleasure of the world through violence and the wielding of the sword. And your lust can stride upon the face of the land, taking whatever it desires, and discarding the empty husks when you've sucked them dry."

(From *Satan On War*)



"... Humanity is mean and corrupt, a liar blinded by its own deception, yet cunning within the confines of its ignorance. And humanity is weak, and yet strong in its weakness, for humanity by its cunning can suck the strength from the truly strong and bring them down with it. And humanity breeds death, the death of the soul, and gives life to the torturous conflicts of the mind in which the soul has trapped itself. And humanity sustains whomever will maintain the corruption and decay which are its life blood. And humanity destroys all that promises to bring the spirit of purity and oust corruption. And humanity charms with a sweet facade which hides a treacherous heart. And humanity talks of love, and leaves the scars of hatred in its wake. And humanity cries peace, and brings war. And humanity speaks of glory and a magnificent destiny, and leads deeper into death and degradation. And humanity is brimful of promises and so-called good intentions, yet behind it is a trail of abject failure and betrayal. And humanity is afraid for it and is steeped in evil.

"And as with all things, by its fruit shall we know humanity. And humanity's fruits are foul, bruised and bitter, and rotten to the core. And humanity's home is the earth, and the earth is Hell.

"Now there is nothing more evil in the universe than man.

"His world is Hell, and he himself the Devil."

(From *Humanity is the Devil*, May 1968)





Robert de Grimston, leader of The Process



**The true origin of Garbage Pail Kids
(below)**



INFERNAL TEXTS

Something As It Really Is

Mel Lyman

I am going to burn down the world
 I am going to tear down everything
 that cannot stand alone
 I am going to turn ideals to shit
 I am going to shove hope up your ass
 I am going to reduce everything
 that stands to rubble
 And then I am going to burn the rubble
 And then I am going to scatter the ashes
 And then maybe someone will be able to see
 Something as it really is

↔ ↑ ↔ ↑ ✕

Full Stop for an Infernal Planet

Louis Wolfson

If you consider that around three thousand years ago our poor planet was infected with only fifty million copies (while, certainly, a single specimen would already have been too many) of the unfortunate human species; if you imagine having had at that time a pile of good H-bombs at your disposal and having used them to crumble the crust of this damned planet Earth and possibly to convert it into a second chain of asteroids, a first large ring of such little celestial bodies being located between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter; and if you consider then what a litany of unspeakable horrors which still continue and are synonymous with humanity would not have occurred ...!! What philosopher would have dreamed, thirty-five years ago, of thus attacking the so sick matter which we all are? What philanthropist? What man of good will?

But now we absolutely must not miss the chance—and to have such a chance is too good to be true—finally to bring to an end at last this infamous litany of abominations that we all are (collectively and individually); and I mean by that, obviously, in a complete atomic-nuclear way! The tragedy, the true catastrophe—is that humanity continues ... while the divine benediction would be qualified as thermonuclear or some equivalent thereof. Not to be of this opinion is to be selfish, criminal, monstrous, if not stark mad.



The Importance of Killing

Dan Burros

Man is a killing organism! He must kill to survive! He must kill to advance! Let us show them who is the natural elite! Who is the world's greatest killer! White Man! Unsheath your terrible sword! Slay your enemies! Kill! Kill! Kill!



A Philosophical Enquiry into the Origin of Our Ideas of the Sublime and the Beautiful

Edmund Burke

No passion so effectually robs the mind of all its powers of acting and reasoning as fear; for fear being an apprehension of pain or death, it operates in a manner that resembles actual pain. Whatever is terrible, therefore, with regard to sight, is sublime, too.



The Lightning and the Sun

Savitri Devi

This is the age in which our triumphant Democrats and our hopeful Communists boast of "slow but steady progress through science and education." Thanks very much for such "progress!" The very sight of it is enough to confirm *us* in our belief in the immemorial cyclic theory of history, illustrated by the myths of all ancient, natural religions (including that one from which the Jews—and, through them, their disciples, the Christians—borrowed the symbolical story of the Garden of Eden; Perfection at the *beginning* of Time.) It impresses upon us the fact that human history, far from being a steady ascension towards the better, is an increasingly hopeless process of bastardization, emasculation and demoralisation of mankind; an inexorable "fall." It rouses in us the yearning to see the end—the final crash that will push into oblivion both those worthless "isms" that are the product of decay of thought and of character, and the no less worthless religions of equality which have slowly prepared the ground for them; the coming of Kalki, the divine Destroyer of evil; the dawn of a new Cycle opening, as all time-cycles ever did, with a "Golden Age."

Never mind how bloody the final crash may be! Never mind what old treasures may perish for ever in the redeeming conflagration! The sooner it

comes the better. We are waiting for it—and for the following glory—confident in the divinely established cyclic Law that governs all manifestations of existence in Time: the law of Eternal Return. We are waiting for it, and for the subsequent triumph of the Truth persecuted today; for the triumph under whatever name, of the only faith in harmony with the everlasting laws of being; of the only modern “ism” which is anything but “modern,” being just the latest expression of principles as old as the Sun; the triumph of all those men who, throughout the centuries *and* today, have never lost the vision of the everlasting Order, decreed by the Sun, and who have fought in a selfless spirit to impress that vision upon others. We are waiting for the glorious restoration, this time, on a world-wide scale, of the New Order, projection in time, in the next, as in every recurring “Golden Age,” of the everlasting Order of the Cosmos.



Text from the Temple ov Psychick Youth

Genesis P-Orridge

THE TEMPLE STANDS ALONE. IT IS SEPARATED BY A GULF OV SELF OVERCOMING. THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THOSE WITH THE COURAGE TO STRANGLE FATE AND CONCEIVE THEIR OWN DESTINY IRRESPECTIVE OV THE DEMANDS OV THE SLAVE GOD MORALITY. WE BOW TO ONLY OURSELVES. WE REGARD ONLY OUR EQUALS AS EQUALS. WE HAVE NEITHER PITY NOR CONTEMPT FOR THOSE WHO ARE UNABLE TO PUSH THEMSELVES EVER FORWARD. ALL SITUATIONS LEADING TO CONTENTMENT ARE TO BE ANNIHILATED. ALL JOYS ARE TO BE INFLAMED UNTIL THEY BECOM ECTASY. THE ONLY THING OV WHICH WE ARE CERTAIN IS UNCERTAINTY, AND IN THIS LIES OUR STRENGTH. ARE YOU SATISFIED? THEN BE ASHAMED. AT LEAST HAVE THE COURAGE TO DESPAIR OF YOURSELF. THERE IS A LONG WAY TO TRAVEL. ARE YOU READY? THERE ARE MANY WOUNDS TO RECEIVE. ARE YOU READY? CAN YOU FACE UP TO YOURSELF? CRUMBLE YOURSELF BETWEEN YOUR FINGERS. DO YOU WATCH QUIETLY WHILST THEY DIG YOUR GRAVE? ARE YOU THERE WITH SPADE AND SHROUD, DO YOU DANCE FOR THEIR CACKLE? MACHINES AND MACHINED. WHEN HE CALLED ME FROM THERE ABOVE, I HAD NO VOICE OR WORD TO SAY YES TO HIM SO I SPOKE YES. IT'S AN IRRITATION THIS ROAD, CLIPPED BETWEEN HERE AND HERE. SMACK ON THE WRIST, GUN TO THE BALLS, TRAILERS AND CANNISTERS AT THE READY. I AM FEELING COLD INSIDE. I'M LOOKING

42 APOCALYPSE CULTURE

FOR FIRE. I FOUND IT CRAWLING DOWN THE WALLS OV THE
ABYSS, IN THE BARK OV THE TREE. IN THE BLOOD ON MI
MOUTH, IN THE SCAB ON MI EYE. I'M STILL BLEEDING. EVEN
NOW.

